THE

Wedding and Bedding:

OR,

JOHN BULL AND HIS BRIDE

FAST ASLEEP.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

CONTAINING,

AN HISTORY OF THE HAPPY PAIR,

From their Infancy to the present Period.

With REASONS for, and MEANS used, to accomplish their

Union.

ALSO, THE

MATCHMAKERS MATCHED;

WITH THEIR

RUEFUL LAMENTATION

FOR THE LOSS OF THE

BRIDE-CAKE!

By T. CANNING.

Sleep on, sleep on, ye gentle Pair,
Enjoy your Dreams, tho' *Dreams* they are;
And may no red-capp'd Rawhead start ye,
No Bloody*bones*, no *Bona*parte.

Vide, Second Part.

Printed by SIDNEY *and* EVANS, *Black Horse Court, Fleet Street, for*

J. S. JORDAN, No. 19, LUDGATE HILL,

OPPOSITE THE OLD BAILEY.

Sold also by the AUTHOR, No. 10, ESSEX STREET, Strand.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

INTRODUCTION.

WE daily *feel*, and the envious *World* must acknowledge, that *Britain* is the *Happiest* of *Nations!* as was emphatically express'd very lately by a *Statesman*, to whose *Virtue*, and *Abilities*, we owe so much of our present *Felicity*. But as the jaundiced eye perverts the fairest objects to its own melancholy hue, so the mental optic of a disordered mind deranges the most beautiful systems; and perfection itself appears distorted when beheld through a vicious medium. Why then should we wonder at political maniacs imagining the blessings of *Liberty*, *National Glory*, and *Domestic Comforts*, to be *Slavery*, *Bankruptcy*, and *Famine?* By a similar corruption they discover mystery, and inuendo, in things the most clear and simple. One of these *unfortunates*, on reading the manuscript of 'THE WEDDING' immediately turned this plain and artless narrative, into an allegorical

description of the UNION; and made such an unaccountable application of the character of BRASS the steward, that the author, out of respect to delicate *ears*, forbears repeating it; however, some of his remarks, and interpretations, are given in the manner of explanatory notes, for the purpose of confirming former observations, and *warning* the reader against similar *errors*.

THE

WEDDING.

HAIL, happy *Britain!* hail transcendant *Realm!*
Where *Freedom* reigns, and *Wisdom* guides the
Helm:
To grace thy *Throne* the *Virtues* all come down;
And *Glory's Tripod* is thy triple *Crown:*
The exile, *Peace,* thy halcyon bosom shields,
And *Plenty* holds a *Triumph* in thy fields.
But, whilst exulting in my country's weal,
Let me a moment from the banquet steal;
Quit Politics, which sometimes are but teasing,
And sing—'A WEDDING' ever pleasing!
'A WEDDING!' cry experienc'd Matrons,
And chuckling shake their shorten'd aprons;
'A WEDDING' echo sanguine Misses,
'Anticipating Hymen's blisses;

'A WEDDING' mumble toothless Dames,
And half revive their youthful flames.
But, who's the bridegroom? who's the bride?
Pray tell their names, to whom ally'd,
Their ages, fortunes, shapes, and features?
Stop—Stop—I'll tell you all, dear creatures,

The happy pair, that joy to share in,
Are * MR. BULL, and MRS. ERIN:

* By *Bull* we are to understand the PEOPLE of England, and by *Erin* the COUNTRY of Ireland, the people of which are represented by Erin's sons, Paddy, Sandy, and John. Such as are unacquainted with Ireland, are informed that the first is the Roman catholic division, which contains three fourths of the inhabitants; said to be of Spanish origin, who possessed the country at a very early period, under a leader of the name of Milesius; and from a kind of sympathy, assimulate their religious opinions more closely to those of their progenitors, than any other people in Europe.

The second is the Presbyterian party, undoubtedly of Scotch descent, who from a like affinity have partaken in the various changes in religion, customs, &c. of their ancestors on the opposite coast. The third is the Established Church; an Engliſh colony settled by Strongbow in the reign of Henry the Second, who have ever since held an ascendency in the country, and always reformed, and revolutionized in conjunction with England.

Near

Near neighbours they have long resided,
By nothing but a pond divided.
The BRIDEGROOM is a man of trade,
Who once an ample fortune made;
And has for many years been known
In almost every market town.
His person is acknowledg'd comely,
But some have thought his manners homely;
His judgment's rather strong than nice,
Yet often subject to caprice.
But, if his pedigree we trace,
We find he's of a copious race;
There's scarce a family, or name,
With which he may not kindred claim;
And, as he owns such various blood,
No doubt but some of it is good;
And from the better sort he gain'd
That vigour which he long retain'd.

Some time ago but few were found
Whose *Constitutions* were so sound;
But by his late intrigues, 'tis fear'd,
It has been very much impair'd:

He

He keeps indeed a florid ſkin,
But matters are not right within;
Although his Quacks pretend he never
Was half so healthy, strong, and clever;
And Clerks, who have a bankrupt made him,
He's quite a Plutus now, persuade him.

With slender means he first began,
But was a stirring thrifty man;
And by his diligence and care,
Maintain'd his house and had to spare;
'Till by degrees his honest labors
Advanc'd him far above his neighbours.

His houshold now became extensive,
Was well supply'd, still not expensive,
No servant dar'd to waste or squander,
And he, as yet, employ'd no pander;
Each did his duty in his station,
Nor fear'd a strict examination;
But, if delinquency was found,
He to the bottom prob'd the wound,

Paid

Paid no respect to * rank or state,
The traitor met a traitor's fate;
By means like these he rais'd his name,
Was rich in health, in wealth, and fame.

But Fortune, like the fickle tide,
When at its height, will soon subside.

What rais'd old Rome above mankind?
'Twas poverty, and virtue join'd:
What sunk the Cæsars' mighty throne?
'Twas wealth, corrupting wealth, alone.

And what effects a nation's ruin,
May be a citizen's undoing;
From causes, similar, may fall
An empire, and a cobler's stall.

Thus BULL's prosperity and power,
His health and happiness devour.

* 1648—1688. Striking examples.

Now greedy* Fav'rites, uncontroul'd,
O'er all his house dominion hold;
Of their abilities no matter,
Provided they his whims could flatter;
And still have ready at command,
A miser's tongue and spendthrift's hand.
For he to prudence made pretence,
And lik'd the sound, but not the sense;
To all the virtues laid a claim,
And took the vices in their name;
Was pleas'd to hear his stewards raving
Of trade, economy, and saving;
And style their waste and dissipation,
Supporting dignity of station.

So, guided by their will alone,
He had no conduct of his own;
Each wild-goose chase that suit their views,
But point it out, and he pursues.

* Ministers, the most prodigal of whom have generally talked most of economy; and too often duped their country.

He

He gets new *farms on every side,
Keeps some for use, and some for pride;
Throws off his comely plain † attire
And dashes out a sporting 'squire;
Sometimes with ‡ musket on his shoulder,
He marches, struts, and plays the soldier;
Is foreman at § grand jury sittings,
And talks away at county meetings;
Takes wondrous pains at every turn,
And most when he has least concern.
Suppose one neighbour chose to yield
Unto the next, a barn, or field,
Or make a fence where best it suited,
This he most zealously disputed:
And got so very fond of law,
He'd often quarrel for a straw;
And when his cause a failure met,
It plung'd him head and ears in debt;

* Passions for colonization and foreign conquests.
† Changes in the good old English customs.
‡ Fondness of military parade, and Continental Wars.
§ Diets, congresses, &c.

Or

Or even though a suit he gain'd
His purse a heavy loss sustain'd.

And no accomplishment to want
He next, forsooth, must turn * Gallant!

A † Mistress long he kept 'tis true,
As many sober Tradesmen do;
But in this matter made his love
Subservient to his interest prove;
As she possess'd some fertile lands
On which he hop'd to lay his hands;
Who, tho' she often shar'd her bed,
Had hitherto refus'd to ‡ wed.
I wish I could this frailty hide,
That Lady—is—his present Bride.
But how he form'd the first connection,
And over-rul'd the last objection;
Must, when her case is further stated,
Be all impartially related.

* Engages in Continental intrigues, &c.
† Ireland.
‡ Was invaded, and submitted to the introduction of colonies, but retained her own legislature.

And

And now he thought himself so killing
He'd with his neighbours' wives be billing!
To move his suit, and dupe their spouses,
Keeps spies, and panders in their * houses;
But having this way no address,
He met with very small success;
They mostly gull'd him of a bribe,
And then dismiss'd him with a gibe.

Whilst folly he was thus pursuing,
He often trod the brink of ruin;
But had some trusty † servants still,
Who sav'd him tho' against his will.

As fittest diet in diseases,
The patient's palate most displeases,
So he reluctantly receiv'd
Advice, by which he was reliev'd:
And seldom his deliverers' aid
Has been with gratitude repaid.

* Foreign courts.
† The patriots of the day.

But, while he gave their counsels place,
Things reasum'd their wonted face;
He guarded well his own possessions,
And neither made, nor bore aggressions.
If jealous of his wealth, or trade,
Attempts on either, rivals made;
His watchful eye the missile foil'd,
And on themſelves the shaft recoil'd:
To all he truly great appear'd,
And where not lov'd, at least was fear'd.

But when again he paid submission
To av'rice, folly, or ambition,
The fatal change was quickly found
By just contempt from all around.

Enfeebl'd by this sordid yoke
He felt the first decisive stroke.

Far west he had a large *Estate
From which his hopes were justly great;

* America.

The

The tenants were improving fast
This, once unprofitable, waste;
And tho' they held at rising rent,
They paid it, and were well content:
But claim'd (according to their lease)
A right to manage how they please.
This he disputed, and declares
His Clerks shall supervise affairs;
Of goods and chattels make an entry,
And search their cellar, and their pantry:
This so enraged the sturdy Boors
They kick'd his * Ink-horns out of doors.
So then to law pell-mell he goes,
And sends his Thrustouts, Does, and Roes;
The peasants still refus'd compliance,
And kept possession in defiance.

As BULL by trade to greatness rose,
Of course his † rivals were his foes;

* Excisemen
† France, Spain, &c.

And

And proud of having any chance
To sink him, and themselves advance;
So gladly took the tenants' side,
And lawyers, cash, and bail, supply'd;
United they the cause maintain'd,
And finally a verdict gain'd.

A shadow first BULL's mind engross'd,
By which he now the substance lost.
His parchment title, and entail,
In this case were of no avail;
Possession only, gave a right,
Be in possession whom there might.
And bankrupt both in purse and fame,
He gives up title, right, and claim.

When too good fortune turns our brain,
Reverses sober us again.
So now his losses and disgrace
Recall his senses to their place.

He drives the traitors from his ear,
Whose counsel he had bought so dear;

And

And to his slighted* friends applies
For their assistance and advice;
Who stop his long, litigious, suits,
And briefly settle all disputes.

To peace restor'd, and trade reviving,
He once more had a chance of thriving:
But, rising like a baleful star,
Whose beams spread famine, death and war;
A † stripling in his house appears,
And bears down talents, worth, and years.

When Fate and Fortune form'd this youth,
They gave him every thing—but TRUTH;
And nothing was in vain confer'd,
He all things keeps—except his WORD:
With IMPUDENCE they crown'd their meed,
And giving this, they thus decreed—
'His face from no reproof shall blush,
'His tongue from no defeat shall hush.'

* It is needless to mention the names of Fox, Sheridan, Burke, &c. &c. &c.

† P-tt.

With

With these endowments on his head,
He CHATHAM *left* in search of bread.

On BULL he quickly fix'd his eyes,
Who still more wealthy was than wise:
And, as a quack of any skill
Will first compound the draught or pill;
Then fit the name and application,
To such disease as is in fashion;
So BRASS prepares a stock of words,
Which his Catholicon affords.

As BULL had sunk by dissipation,
His friends were all for Reformation;
This accident his essay fixt,
And Reformation was his text:
On Reformation he declaims,
Till in possession of his aims.

BULL felt the grateful sound REFORM,
Exhilirate him like a * charm:

* Enthusiastic hopes of the nation on the expected Parlimentary reform.

Whilst

Whilst measuring back the days of yore
He seem'd what he had been before:
And with an honest fervor prest
The arch impoſtor to his breaſt:
Thought happiness once more had dawn'd,
Nor saw the *Pitt* that for him yawn'd.

The servile * knaves, that owe their rise
To prostitution, bows, and lies,
Who still attend a steward's word,
To slander, dupe, and rob, their Lord;
Were, by this threaten'd Reformation,
Thrown in the deepest consternation;
As conscious they deserv'd a rope,
If Justice only got her scope.

But BRASS, a gracious chief appears,
And soon dispell'd their groundless fears.
They found REFORM, tho' so alarming,
Meant nothing else but his REFORMING.

* Placemen, Pensioners, &c. Satellites of the Minister.

Instead

Instead of breaking, or discharging,
He daily was their corps enlarging;
Well knowing, by mechanic rules,
He could not work without his tools;
And far surpass'd, in waking schemes,
All predecessors' wildest dreams;
Compar'd with his, their stinted views,
Reduc'd them to mere pedling Jews.

He soon, for litigation, found
A * Common, far beyond his bound;
Where Otters, Cats, and Foxes, haunted,
Whose skins for caps and gloves he wanted
And spent more money for these vermine,
Than would have thatch'd the house with ermine.

That scarcely done he challeng'd forth
An old † Virago in the North;
But finding her so strongly heated,
He wisely, just in time, retreated,

* Nootka Sound.
† Empress of Russia.

A well-

A well-fill'd Jordan else, 'tis said,
She would have empty'd on his head.

But now a violent debate
Began upon the next * estate;
And for some time was carry'd hard on,
Betwixt † the children, and their ‡ Guardian:
The meagre wards had long complain'd
Of grievous hardships they sustain'd;
And prov'd their Guardian had bereft 'em
Of much their mother NATURE left 'em:
The Farm was large, the Land was good,
And yet they wanted cloaths and food:
In fields of plenty daily fed
On pulse, and roots, and barley bread;
And such distress was in each cottage,
They had not salt to gou' their potage.
But Guardy says they have their dues,
(Tho' Sans Culotte with wooden shoes)
And all their Parent e'er design'd 'em,
Was just what he should please to find 'em.

* France. † The People. ‡ The King.

And tho' he some concessions made,
'Twas not as Rights, but Favors paid;
Which they suspected, with good reason,
He might resume some other season.

This Guardian, as the neighbours know,
Was always BULL's invet'rate foe;
Who by his means had lately lost
His best estate* with so much cost;
And yearly, to keep up his bounds,
Was forc'd to lay out many pounds,
As he had always men in pay,
To rob him, if they found a way;
And who, 'twas fear'd, might some time come,
And drive him out of house and home.

Now policy would say, no doubt,
They should be left to fight it out;
Or if BULL interfer'd at all,
Let him attend the children's call;

* America.

Award

Award them justice, and by that,
Return old Guardy tit for tat.

But genuine policy, or justice,
BRASS never minds, in craft his trust is:
Which now involves him a maze,
Impervious to his strongest gaze.

He thought if he the wards defended,
The contest would be shortly ended;
And all he could expect from thence
Was thanks, and reimburs'd expence:
Whereas if he with Guardy sided,
The spoil (thieves like) might be divided.
Another point could not be slighted:
If NATURE's children here got righted,
Appeals in other *courts* might stir,
Which (though they should awhile demur)
Would bring, for men in every station,
Responsibility in fashion.

So of their danger he alarms
The stewards of the neighb'ring farms;

Who

Who meet in an adjacent town,
And hold a council* at the Crown:
In mutual league join hand and heart,
From which they *never* can depart;
And swear to make one 'COMMON CAUSE,'
For 'GENERAL GOOD,' and 'ANCIENT LAWS:'
But when they made these declarations,
Each had his mental reservations;
For 'COMMON CAUSE,' and 'GENERAL GOOD,'
SELF INTEREST, must be understood.

An oath, of all the bonds we find,
Is most elastic in its kind;
And he's a bungler who would take it
In such a way as he *could* break it:
For wove with nice equivocations,
'Twill stretch, and fit all explanations.

And though the club's determination,
Is to prohibit innovation;

* Well known convention for settling the coalition.

Yet

Yet when, and how, and with what views,
Each for himself begs leave to choose;
But, free from quibble, all agree
That B—LL shall pay the lawyer's fee.

The plaintiffs soon became ascendant,
And judgment gain'd against defendant:
But though degraded from his station
For tyranny and peculation;
They justly threw the greatest blame
On men who acted in his name;
As he was weak and superstitious,
And not intrinsically vicious.

They now determine, as coheirs,
To regulate their own affairs;
But these resolves to madness rouse
The quandam Brass's* of their house;

* Courtiers, emigrants, noblesse, &c. by whose intrigues, it must be acknowledged, most of the horrors attending the revolution were occasioned.

Religion,

Religion, law, and social order,
Are pretexts made for plots and murder;
And lo! from east, west, north, and south,
Like greedy hounds, with open mouth,
A pious pack of justice venders,
Bum-bailiffs, priests, and faith defenders,
Surround the farm, God's vengeance thunder,
And for his sake fall hard to plunder;
But God so ill this help regarded,
They're soon with broken heads rewarded.

Now BRASS, to fee, suborn, and bribe,
To fresh attempts, the needy tribe,
Throws open all his master's coffers,
And gold* for oaths, and bludgeons, proffers.

As to a carcase ravens wing,
As courtiers flock about a king,
So round his hoard, the eager crew
In close-embody'd phalanx drew:

* Subsidizing *good* and *faithful* allies! bribing Chouans! &c.

Sans

Sans scruple (waiting for their share)
As he directs they say and swear;
But when the last instalment's handed,
And further services demanded;
No comet from his perihelion,
More swiftly flies to his aphelion,
Than they start off,—till by rotation,
Again we find them at their station*.

By hungry harpies thus employ'd,
Dame NATURE's sons were long annoy'd;
And traitors in their house abounded,
As well as enemies surrounded:
The *courts* where justice should have place,
Had all against them set their face;
Yet every term they verdicts gain'd,
But no security obtain'd;
As this contention still was fed
With mischief from its fountain head.

* Conduct of the allies, including the elector of H—— &c. &c.

When

When huge Antæus got a trip
From stout Alcides, or a hip,
At every fall maternal earth
Reviv'd him, as she gave him birth:
Till, by a Cornish hug suspended,
His death the doubtful contest ended.

So from the father of this strife
The foil'd assailants gain'd new life;
But sever'd from his contact, soon
The curs forbear to bay the moon.

Emerging nobly from oppression,
They on aggressors turn'd aggression;
Of all his heads the hydra* clear'd,
And all the sprouting branches sear'd:
Per force their claims were now allow'd,
And venal *courts* submissive bow'd.

Thus BRASS in vain their ruin try'd,
With half the county on his side;

* Breaking up the coalition, &c.

Who

Who now the 'COMMON CAUSE' forsake,
And 'COMMON CAUSE' against him make:
The league which 'GENERAL GOOD' defended,
Is with his golden cement ended.

Deceiv'd in every thing attempted,
His credit sunk and coffers empty'd;
Bonds pass'd for twenty times the worth
Of all his master owns on earth;
The building falling to decay,
Its chief supporters torn away;
And from a table, fam'd for feeding,
The famish'd mice in haste receding;
BULL's ears in one continued din
From foes without, and friends within;
These scoffing, threat'ning, and upbraiding,
Those warning, pitying, and persuading;
BRASS racks his wits for extrication
From such a dang'rous situation:
And fixes on the present marriage
To compensate his past miscarriage.

But, ladies, if the bridegroom's case
Don't recommend him to your grace,
Yet, as a servant thus can fool him,
A prudent wife may hope to rule him.

The BRIDE, a likely jolly dame,
Is not unknown to gossip Fame:
Her face is open and delighting,
Her person graceful and inviting;
But is to most advantage seen
When vested in her fav'rite green.
Her fertile fields each year produce
Much more than all her house can use;
For corn and cattle, all around
No better land is to be found;
And her potatoes are so noted,
They're for a proverb often quoted;
Her grain, her butter, pork, and beef,
To distant markets give relief;
Milk, fowls, and eggs are most abundant,
And fish is sometimes e'en redundant.

No

No wonder, living thus in clover,
That she had many a pushing lover.
The first, if we believe report,
Was nobly born, and bred at court;
Milesius* was the suitor's name,
He wooing from Iberia† came;
And 'tis declar'd, the favor won,
Gave Miss her present eldest son:
This may perhaps have been the case,
As he appears of southern race;
Both in his person and his mien,
A native grace is plainly seen;
Though proud and fond of being flatter'd,
Is hospitable and goodnatur'd.
When young‡ his business was to keep
The lowing kine and bleating sheep;
And older grown he work'd the farms,
Was active, strong, and fond of arms.

* Leader of the first colony we have any account of.

† Spain.

‡ Most nations in their infancy subsist by rearing cattle, and the Irish did in particular.

St. Patrick,

St. Patrick*, on a summer's day,
As he a shuling† went that way,
Call'd in, and liking well their feeding,
Would stay and teach young Miley reading;
And for his son, this holy daddy
Adopts the boy, and calls him Paddy.
As Pat was ready and discerning,
He soon got famous for his learning;
And was by his preceptor's cares,
A pretty workman at his pray'rs;
And old St. Paddy with them staid
Till all the house were Saints‡ by trade.

The second spark the lady had,
Was *frae* the North§ a kelted lad,

* St. Patrick, in the fifth century, converted the Irish, and introduced learning.

† Strolling or roving. Saints have now-a-days easier methods for travelling, see the mitred coaches.

‡ Ireland was formerly called the Island of Saints.

§ A colony of Picts.

Who

Who cold and hungry, in a tantram,
Leap'd over to her fields in Antrim;
And she, goodnatur'd soul, no doubt,
Had not the heart to turn him out;
But took him, when well wash'd and fed,
For Christian charity, to bed.
And as they both were brisk and handy,
They soon produc'd a bonny Sandy:
This youth was always keen and clever,
And has become a skilful weaver:
They get their linen from his hands,
Whilst Paddy ploughs and sows the lands.

Now BULL*, who saw with longing eye,
Their yellow crops so near him lie,
Resolv'd to try what could be done,
To join the two estates in one;
And makes a family dispute
At this time, his occasion suit.

* Henry II. applied to the pope for leave to invade Ireland, and murder and plunder the inhabitants for the good of their souls, which was compassionately granted.

The

The brothers* had a falling out,
About a pretty girl no doubt,
And each, to gain him on his side,
To BULL unluckily apply'd.
This being just what he was wishing,
As troubled water's best for fishing,
He takes his stick and over goes,
And finds them lustily at blows;
But as he had no mind to part 'em,
He clapt them on the back to heart 'em.

Their fierce assaults on one another,
Was great vexation to their mother;
As 'twas determin'd long before,
Her present sons should share her store,
Nor e'er admit a new embrace
To introduce another race.

* A war betwixt two of the principal chiefs at that time, gave Henry the desired opportunity, by their applying to him for assistance. Accordingly Earl Strongbow with an English army of adventurers entered the country.

But

But BULL was hardly sooner come
Than he believ'd himself at home;
Squeez'd madam's hand, hung up his hat,
Sat down, and then began to chat.
He in her troubles bore a share,
But kindly bade her not despair;
Declar'd her sons deserv'd correction,
And were unworthy her affection;
Was sure if he should turn his back
That every thing would go to rack;
And freely gave her his assistance
To keep them BOTH at proper distance.

So leaving them in vain dispute,
He with the mother urg'd his suit;
Who has from this their first connexion,
Been guided much by his direction.

In little time a bouncing* boy
Increas'd the wily father's joy;

* Establishing an English colony, and with it English supremacy.

But

But though he thus became ascendant,
She'd fain continue independant:
Yet still he hop'd some future hour
Might put his wishes in his pow'r;
And even now so far prevail'd,
The lands were on his son entail'd.

His name is John, and from a lad
Was always very like his dad;
And lov'd himself, it is confest,
Of all his mother's sons the best:
He soon the sole dominion takes,
And of his brothers vassals makes.

Close Sandy, turning from the door,
Said little, but he thought the more;
But open Pat aloud complains,
Which only added to his chains:
As, not at once depriv'd of all,
Awhile he shar'd the servants hall;
But soon was e'en from thence expell'd,
And all domestick trust he held.

John

John has his coach, his stud, and pack,
Whilst Paddy must not keep a hack*;
And, least he should assault his lord,
Is robb'd of pistols, gun, and sword:
At last poor Pat no longer dares
To speak, or think, or say his pray'rs.

Thus from his wealthy birthright driv'n,
And every gift of bounteous heav'n;
His native fields he roams forlorn,
Condemn'd to wretchedness and scorn;
And gleans, unpity'd, and unknown,
From harvests which were once his own.
Yet though by poverty debas'd,
His noble soul may still be trac'd;
But warpt by habit's potent force,
His passions take a devious course:
If friendship, love or anger sways,
The moment's impulse he obeys;

* By the penal laws against Papists, they were not allowed to keep a horse of five pounds value, nor have any kind of arms in their houses.

And sudden as autumnal wind,
Are changes in his vacant mind.

But such a progress Sandy made,
By application to his trade;
That John employs his best endeavour,
To reconcile this sullen Weaver:
Who since has mostly join'd his part,
Tho' more from interest than from heart.

Poor Paddy, rous'd by retrospection,
Sometimes for rage throws off dejection;
And with such vengeance John pursues,
As makes him tremble in his shoes;
Who only can by BULL's protection,
Again reduce him to subjection.*

Of late years things have been improving,
And all the brothers grew more loving;

* These struggles for liberty, are called in the Prayer Books and Almanacks, Irish Rebellions!

John

John plainly saw his best protection,
Would be their friendship and affection;
And tho' still loath to share his power,
Was satisfied his claims to lower:
This every day improv'd their case,
And trade and tillage throve apace.

They now conceiv'd that BULL's connection
Brought on their house a deep reflection;
So, rous'd by honor, they agreed,
Their mother ERIN should be freed;
And in a firm, but friendly tone,
Made this determination known:
But told him they were all compliance,
However close, to his alliance;
Provided 'twas upon a footing,
With independent neighbours suiting.
And BULL was then in such a state,
He could not hold a long debate,
But ratified their declaration,
And made a formal * resignation.

* Irish independence acknowledged in 1782.

Thus

Thus from the common yoke releas'd,
They all their native bias pleas'd;
Pat sets potatoes, minds his plough,
Rears ducks, and pigs, and keeps a cow;
And next his whiskey, dearly fosters
His *aves*, and his *pater nosters*;
These (least the devil should him cozen)
He says, and reckons, by the dozen;
And, that accounts may ballance even,
A tally always keeps with heaven;
On herrings makes his Friday dinners,
And thinks all mutton eaters sinners.
Whilst John, the day he'd be most good in,
Would eat the most roast beef and pudding;
He pray'd but little, less he fasted,
No *next* world wish'd, while *this* world lasted.
But Sandy strove to fix his thum
On this world, and the world to come;
Was both in trade and gospel * *conny*,
Did much for God, and more for money.

* Knowing.

Tho'

Tho' BULL so oft in vain had try'd
To yoke dame ERIN for his bride;
BRASS now resolves this point to carry,
For he must hang—or they must marry.

However those who always stood
Firm * champions for their masters good,
Oppos'd the mischief that was brewing,
Which threaten'd both sides with undoing;
With ERIN's friendship and alliance,
They both might bid the world defiance;
But marriage, maugre inclination,
Might end in total separation:
And that relief which now he draws,
May strengthen then his rival's cause.

Tho' horns, in these enlighten'd days,
Are not attended with disgrace;
Yet he that has a wealthy bride,
Whose fortune's to her apron's ty'd,

* The present virtuous minority.

Must think that cuckoldom a curse,
Which is attended with divorce.
But BRASS from no consideration,
Can alter his determination:
The bride's possessions, though not clear,
Would still a further mortgage bear;
Beside the strength his cause must gain
From all the knaves that fill her train:
And for her safety, he may make her
So poor that no gallant will take her.

The lady's YES, to be obtain'd,
A stubborn Barrier still remain'd;
He knew the sons were captious fellows,
And of their mother's freedom jealous:
Whene'er but hinted, at the measure
They always show'd a strong displeasure;
For John, tho' fond of his dear father,
Still of himself was fonder, rather;
And Pat and Sandy, of the two,
Prefer'd the devil that they knew.

But

But BRASS to cunning had recourse,
His usual, and his best resource;
'DIVIDE AND CONQUER,' was his bearing,
And that alone has conquer'd ERIN.

The dormant * quarrel he revives,
Which had embitter'd half their lives:
They first the rankling feud express
By looks, and signs, and party dress;
John struts in orange, Pat in green,
John's hair is long, Pat cropt is seen;
And in their piques with one another,
Were quite forgetful of their mother;
And then had lost her altogether,
If not preserv'd by wind and † weather:
For half for love, and half for spite,
A daring blade, one winter's night,
Resolv'd to seize her for his prey,
But in a storm he lost his way.

* Commencement of the late disturbances.

† Hoche, who was only prevented by tempestuous weather from effecting a formidable Invasion.

Pat

Pat now begins with all his might
To sue for, what he thinks, his right;
And as his anger hotter grows,
From law Appeals, *appeals* to blows:
But Sandy, though long heard to mutter,
Would not fall out with bread and butter.
Brass publidly with John takes part,
And privately keeps Pat in heart;
Thus fed, their rancour never ceases,
Till both are nearly torn in pieces:
And in the sequel of the rout,
Pat lost his *suit*, John wore *his* out.

Brass thought them now in fit condition,
And boldly makes his proposition.
The marriage * Bond is vastly clever,
And drawn in every party's favor;
As 'twixt the sons there was a difference,
This contract gives to each the preference;

* See the articles of the union, and P-tt's, and Cas-le-gh's speeches, with C-k's *pamphlet*.

Are

Nought either yields, yet all the brothers
Are much to gain of one another's.

Besides, as great advantage full,
Is granted by their daddy BULL;
Expatriated stepsons made,
They fortunes were to get by trade;
Share all the markets that he kept,
With some '*save only's*' and '*except*'.
And might to Cumberland send coal
Without 'let,' 'hindrance,' or 'controul.'

He next his mud-clear logick try'd
With each, call'd * privately aside;
But still they had such stubborn blindness
They would not see the proffer'd kindness.

BRASS found he rather weak was grown
To trust to arguments alone;
So now resolv'd to make a trial;
With what will seldom find denial.

* Not a word of vice-regal canvasing tours!

He knew the menials of her house,
If brib'd, would any cause espouse;
And first his promises and pelf,
Bestows upon his other self,
His counter part in tongue and face,
Who held, like him, an upper place.
This younker, on a luckless day,
Dame ERIN brought from * *Castlereagh*,
With him the † *Butler* and the ‡ *Cook*,
To give assistance undertook:
And from the § state room to the stable,
All swore to do what they were able.

These wretches, for their dirty hire,
Raise cries of || murder, thieves, and fire;
Swear every night they ghosts have seen;

* Explanation unnecessary.
† An Union Lord.
‡ A Secretary.
§ The master of the Ceremonies, Sir B. R—he, and Cap. J—n the master of the horse, are both *independent* representatives of the people!
|| Perpetual mohock alarms kept up to make the Union appear necessary.

That

Round may poles dancing, all in green,
That near the house they hear a drumming,
And bloody, * *Sarazens* are coming.
Scar'd night and day, with these pretences,
Their mistress almost lost her senses;
And those who closer had her ear,
Depress her hopes, and raise her fear;
Her doctor argued loss of health,
Her lawyer, decrement of wealth;
And, that she might escape no evil,
Her chaplain threaten'd with the devil:
But these misfortunes which they griev'd,
By marriage might be all reliev'd;
Her faithful BULL's protecting arms
Would save her from impending harms;
Return her children to their duty,
And renovate her health and beauty.

But some there were about her perſon,
Who plainly saw how went the farce on;

* A general of that name was second in command to Humbert, and the most enterprizing of the invaders.

And tho' expos'd to loss of * place,
Undaunted these impostors face;
Refute their plea, and make it clear,
'Tis them alone she has to fear:
Show all the terrors they related
Were bugbears by themselves created;
And prove her sons, if let alone,
Would quickly for their faults atone.

But talents, honesty, and zeal,
Could not restore her former weal:
The brib'd alarmists still increase,
And keep afar domestic peace;
Betwixt the brothers take their station,
And cut off all communication.

When thus prepar'd, the fell Banditti
Assemble all, in full committee;
Still keeping ERIN in confusion,
Pretend to wait her resolution;

* Tho' a Foſter, a Parnel, a Fitzgerald, (not the knight) &c. are deſerving praiſe, yet a Gratton, a Ponſonby, a Charlemont, &c. are not leſs ſo, tho' they had nothing to loſe—but their country.

And

But knowing Freedom was her choice,
Resolve to drown her feeble voice;
And just for form, with answer ready,
They put the question to the lady.
She shudders, groans, attempts a nay;
The vast ROTUNDA rings with AYE!

As lightning rends the stately oak,
Or hurls down temples at a stroke;
This fatal word, with instant blow,
For ever lays her glories low.

And what avails her noble * dome,
To boast the pride of Greece and Rome?
Where once her Friends, in virtue bold,
Corruption's head-strong course controul'd;
Where, by no tyrant's frown deterr'd,
A *Flood* of eloquence was heard;
But where the loathsome bat and owl,
May now responsive shriek and howl.

Her death-struck hand they sieze, and lead
To sign and seal the nuptial deed;

* The parliament house in Dublin is one of the noblest buildings in Europe.

Whilst

Whilst fill'd with terror and amaze,
Her sons upon each other gaze.
John wish'd too late for Pat's assistance,
Who sulk'd and pouted at a distance;
But when to open John compels him,
This tale sarcastically tells him:
'Two cats,' says Paddy, 'in a cage,
'Were both work'd up to such a rage,
'They fight, and scratch, and bite, and bawl,
'And eat each other, bones and all;
'And by my soul, so clean and clever,
'The devil a bit was left of either.'
For Pat's hyperbole abating,
This was their case exactly stating.

When rats have undermin'd a building,
They quit it as they find it yielding;
So now the patricidal vermin
To evacate the house determine:
But first, to make the business sure,
They ERIN's moveables secure;
And take, as she no more will need 'em,
The seals and badges of her freedom;

The

The trophies of her ancient house,
Must now be quarter'd by her spouse;
But may, perhaps, in some time hence,
Become a 'scutcheon of *pretence.*
Her archives, records, deeds, and leases,
He lights his pipe with if he pleases;
And ev'ry thing that's worth a *Crown*
They carry to his house in town;
As in the marriage bond 'tis stated,
The rites must there be celebrated:
Yet 'tis resolv'd the Wedding-day
Shall here much gaudy pomp display,
With *martial* music fill her halls,
And deck with flags her desert walls;
In hopes that noise and show may smother
The children's wailings for their mother.

But BULL is in such torpor sinking,
He scarcely takes the pains of thinking;
And of his nuptials listless hears,
Expressing neither hopes nor fears.
His own affairs, with rapid course,
Each moment turns from bad to worse;

And as gaunt danger closer presses,
So his debility increases;
And BRASS, who long had stood the blast
That round him laid all Nature waste,
Is to the quick, by insects stung,
That from his own corruption sprung:
The tools he fitted for his use,
Insidiously his fall produce.

Thus, tho' the tyrant of the Nile
Can at the hunter's jav'lin smile;
A reptile finds his vital part,
And gnaws the scaly monster's heart.

But now he glosses o'er his cares,
And for the marriage day prepares;
Makes Items for new houshold charges,
And BULL's old servants hall enlarges.
The bride's domestics look for *favors*.
The promis'd fruit of their endeavours;
So he profusely in all quarters,
Distributes * *Ribbons*, *Knots*, and *Garters*;

* See the list of metamorphosis in the Gazette.

And

And gives such leave to change their names,
Whose stock their rising *greatness* shames.

When mower Time the year had finish'd,
He gladly saw his task diminis'd;
A hundred counts,—looks still more blythe,
And cuts a nick upon his scythe:
Old Night to Erebus goes down,
But Sol behaves a very clown;
Brings in the day with aukward grace,
And seems asham'd to show his face.

On nuptial mornings 'tis his duty
To wait betimes on anxious beauty;
Assist her to array her charms,
Then light her to her lover's arms;
And having shown the bridal train
The way to church, and back again;
Drive off full gallop down the skies,
To bid connubial Vesper rise.

But tho' the folk above us frown,
We still have sun-shine of our own,

And ladies' eyes, and footmens' lace,
Enliven nature's gloomy face:
The streets, close-marshall'd coaches press,
The steeples, floating banners dress:
And all the world with wonder gazes,
This UNION with such glory blazes.

The eager guests were now assembl'd,
The bridegroom doz'd, dame ERIN trembled;
But BRASS the nuptial rites conducted,
The bride encourag'd, BULL instructed,
And made her boy from *Castlereagh*,
His struggling Mistress *give away*:
With loathing to the ring she yielded,
Which, some have said, is Iron gilded:
The fees of course were not neglected,
No blessing else could be expected.
Thus both in one, for aye were blended,
And with * amazement, all was ended.

* The last word in the ceremony of marriage in the established church.

To spread the news, away Fame scouted,
Dogs bark'd, and boys and beggars shouted:
Loud thundering cannons shake the ground,
Bells ring, drums beat, and trumpets sound.

Thus, to the orient funeral pyre,
Perfum'd and deck'd in gay attire,
The victim fair is urg'd along,
Admidst the plaudits of the throng:
By custom doom'd, she yields her charms
To her dead husband's putrid arms;
Aspiring flames involve the pair,
And Ganges flashes with the glare:
Shrill cymbals clang, loud shouts arise,
And she in seeming triumph dies.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

INTERLUDE:

CONTAINING,

A loose Prospectus of the Second Part.

'Lord, Sir! what signifies the WEDDING?
'I thought we should have had the BEDDING;
'This disappointment's shocking!
'I vow from me you'll get no quarters
'Till I'm informed who loos'd the GARTERS,
'And which way flew the STOCKING!'

Well, Miss—the Muses have a power
To visit Hymens's sacred bower,
When none besides can venture;
And not alone the bridemaids' feats,
But what is *said* betwixt the sheets,
They in their journals enter.

All this, and what still harder seems,
The gentle pair's illusive *dreams*;
Will soon be laid before ye:
But with the chequer'd nuptial feast,
And character of every guest,
My Muse begins the story.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 NOV 71

The couple safely tuck'd in bed,—
She next relates contentions dread,
Which houshold concord broke:—
That BRASS, so long his master's master,
Is forc'd to hide, by this disaster,
Behind a *chairman's* cloak.

And, lastly, *how* he for himself
Had put the BRIDE-CAKE on the shelf,—
So *rich* and full of *plumbs!*
Which now is cut by other hands,
Whilst at their back he wistful stands,
And only picks the crumbs.

Printed by SIDNEY and EVANS, Black Horse Court, Fleet Street.